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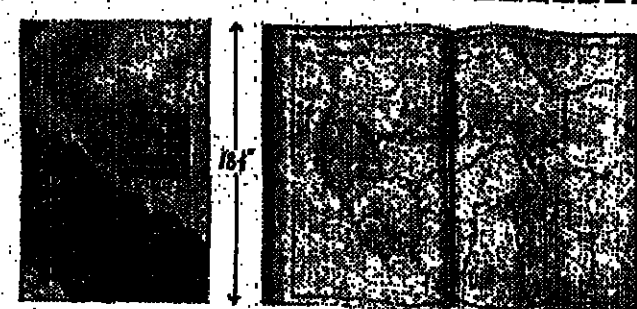
But Ptolemy, in AD 140, took Posidonius's figure, and although his maps remained more or less gospel until the 16th century, he never did measure the Earth himself.

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opened up the sea route to India, and Christopher Columbus discovered San Salvador.

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# Fiction in the Low Countries

BY R. P. MEIJER

THE DUTCH NOVEL has never been favoured by over-attention from English readers, critics or publishers. One may lament this or accept it, but the fact remains, and remains puzzling. True, there were times when Muller's *Max Havelaar* was widely read in England and when Couperus was a well-known name, but those days have gone, and seem that after the 1920s an insurmountable barrier has prevented Dutch literature from moving westward.

Why, because of the way they write, the English, because of the way they read? It is a problem that highly educated and rational minds have

It is. But perhaps it is not un-derstandable to hope that a barrier appeared so mysteriously may appear. In a similar way. Or in other way, for the growing contact between Britain and the Continent and to become increasingly important during the 1970s, in literary terms as well.

There is all the more reason for an expectation since the Dutch novel, both in the Netherlands and in England, appears to be in fairly good shape. It may not be possible to mention a number of manifest signs of genius, but then what ob-vious contemporary masterpieces anyone care to mention? One

however, point to a solid body of work, on the one hand not so far removed from the mainstream of the European and American novel as appear exotic, and on the other hand its own distinctive flavour which should make it appeal to anyone who would like to refresh a

palate. The novel, so often pronounced dull or incurably ill, seems to possess great regenerative powers, the Dutch novel is no exception. It has certainly undergone marked changes and has moved a long way from the tradition of Couperus, Van Houtel, Bordewijk and Vestdijk. In the 1920s and 1930s it was frequently accused of being too

descriptive, too picturesque, too painterly, of having the longest purple passages in the whole wide world of literature. This allegation can no longer be made. All postwar writers, whether experimental or traditional, have done away with descriptiveness, and there is little doubt that the present-day novel is all the better for it. In place of this descriptiveness and its attendant emphasis on atmosphere came a stronger narrative element, together with a swifter, sparer style. In the late 1940s and early 1950s, Gerard Komelms van het Reve, Willem Frederik Hermans, Louis Paul Boon, Hugo Claus and Harry Mulisch were the writers who gave the Dutch novel its new direction.

Of these five, Hermans has remained closest to the tradition of the psychological novel, and also closest to his original themes. He once declared that he was one of those writers who would always write the same book. A grain of salt would not go amiss here, but it is a fact that Hermans has remained remarkably true to his original starting-point. In one of his early stories he wrote: "Mankind thinks in terms of an order which does not really exist, and is blind to the original chaos. There is only one real world: chaos."

This notion is the dominant one in most of his work, from his early novels *De Truïsten der Acaas* (The Truists of the Acaas, 1949) and *De Donkere Kamer van Damocles* (The Dark Room of Damocles, 1958) to his latest *Herinneringen van een Engelbewaarder* (Memoirs of a Guardian Angel, 1971). Like several of Hermans's novels and stories, this book is set in wartime, war being the most spectacular demonstration of the chaos that underlies human life. Hermans has made the contrast between fundamental chaos and superficial order even sharper by having as his main character a public prosecutor, an upholder of the order of things, and again by

letting this man commit a crime on the first day of the German invasion of Holland. The crime may well go undetected, but the chaos rises to the surface and drowns the order to which the prosecutor has clung for so long.

In the world of Hermans, man's estate is basically chaotic and incapable of being properly organized. His main characters make brave efforts, but they never succeed and end up in despondency. All the little ironies of life mount up to form this picture of total hopelessness. When Albert, the prosecutor, is asked whether he has heard any news about the invasion on his car radio, he can only say: "It never works when something of importance is going on"; and when his pompous friend Erik ceremoniously closes the doors of his publishing house, things go wrong, too: "Until Hitler has been hanged from the highest tree, Erik Losekunt will not publish another book. Damn, the lock does not work." This is how it always is in Hermans's novels: when it matters, when order is most needed, the important things don't work, cannot be found, or prove to be worthless. Nothing is ever achieved; in the last instance everything reverts to chaos.

The situation in Hermans's novels is black and only rarely coloured by humour. Yet there is no self-indulgent commentary in his writing and not a trace of self-pity. Hermans depicts the world as he sees it, coolly, rationally and very compellingly. His intelligence, craftsmanship and ingenuity in handling plot have made him into the major novelist of the postwar period.

When Hermans published his first novel, he was preceded by two years by G. K. van het Reve whose *De Avonden* (The Evenings) became the novel of the postwar generation. It was as grim and harrowing as the novels of Hermans, yet relieved by Van het Reve's very personal sense of humour; sardonic to be sure,

cutting and biting, but at the same time very funny indeed. Van het Reve then turned away from the novel, published several books of short stories and developed a highly successful new form, a hybrid of short story and letter. Not until the beginning of this year did he publish his second novel, *De Taal der Liefde* (The Language of Love), in which he also used the technique of combining letter-writing with straight fiction. The book is a kind of triptych: on the side panels the main story, a plotless narrative describing the day-to-day experiences of the main character and concentrating on his homosexual relationships, and on the central panel a large collection of letters addressed to a Dutch fellow-writer. These letters function as a commentary on the novel proper: they trace its genesis, the difficulties encountered while writing it, the author's ups and downs, his despair and his determination, to finish it.

*De Taal der Liefde* is a very idiosyncratic novel. No one else but Van het Reve could have written it, let alone have made a success of it. Its publication was the outstanding literary event in the Netherlands of the past few years, and one may add that it is one of those books that cry out for a wider audience than the combined readership of the Netherlands and Belgium can offer.

The novel which supplies its own commentary is, of course, in itself not new. Thomas Mann's *Die Entstehung des Doktor Faustus* comes to mind, as does André Gide's *Journal des Fausses-Monnaies*. What was new was the way in which Van het Reve made the commentary an integral part of his novel. Harry Mulisch, on the other hand, did something rather like Mann and Gide in his books *De Verreder* (The Narrator, 1970) and *De Verreder Verreld* (The Narrator Explained, 1971). The first book is the novel, the second its commentary. *De Verreder* must be one of the most cryptic novels ever written

in Dutch. Basically the story of a man who at the age of forty-three looks back on his youth, it is so full of Nabokovian puzzles and riddles, allusions which become clear only gradually or sometimes not at all, parodies, name-changes and time-shifts that it makes unusually high demands on its readers. In order to decode it, one needs patience, an intimate knowledge of Mulisch's accumulated experience, and the ability to solve crosswords twice as difficult as the ones in *The Times*. Not every reader comes up to these requirements, and in an interview Mulisch stated that he had overestimated his audience. Graciously forgiving us some of our self-esteem, he added that in his own opinion, too, the work was not really complete without its commentary. Mulisch has never been more right. The second book is not merely complementary to the first, it is absolutely essential, providing clues that cannot be found anywhere else.

What Mulisch wanted to say in *De Verreder* was that life was not a simple matter and that chaos reigns supreme, a message not very different from the one that Hermans has been transmitting for years. But in Mulisch's view, the complexity of life can be represented only by a complex form; the splintered world must be reflected in the novel's splintered structure. It is arguable whether this is successful, but it must be conceded that the two books, read in conjunction, make an interesting, entertaining, though slightly over-ingenious attempt to add some spice to the conventional autobiographical novel.

To generalize, one may say that the emphasis in the modern Dutch novel is shifting from exploration of character to exploration of situation. Hermans is a borderline case, but in the new novels of Van het Reve and Mulisch there are few of what E. M. Forster used to call "round characters". In *Schuldme* (Shame, 1972) by Hugo Claus there is none. Several critics have taken issue with him on this score, but it is clear that Claus, who in his earlier novels was



certainly not incapable of creating fully-rounded characters, wanted it so. *Schaumte* deals with a group of Belgian television people who are filming a passion play on a South Sea island. They are an empty lot, there is not a serious thought between them, at the most a few tickled glands."

They are regarded with suspicion and contempt by the local population and eventually become vaguely involved in a murder case. The situation does not seem very complicated, but Claus, like Mulisch, makes considerable demands on his readers. He does not deliberately confuse them in the cause of presenting confused reality, but he makes the going tough by giving only a minimum of information and by piling down the story to its bare essentials. At first glance, therefore, the book seems only bones and no

flesh, a draft rather than a properly filled-out novel. Yet a closer look makes it clear that *Schaumte* is a very cleverly structured book which—though not bothering much about characterization—fully explores an intriguing situation. Given the right director, it has also the makings of an excellent film.

A newcomer to the Dutch literary scene is the oddly-named "non-fiction novel". Louis Paul Boon, who made his mark in the 1950s with some highly original and experimental novels such as *De Kapellekenshuur* (Chapel Road—Summer at Ter-Muren) and *Wapenbroeders* (Brothers in Arms), last year published *Pieter Daens*, the story of a Flemish journalist who at the end of the nineteenth century played an important part in the labour movement in Belgium. In

this book, Boon's social consciousness, his anger at the inequalities of society, and his sympathy for the underdog have combined in a most felicitous way with his great gifts as a storyteller to produce the most impressive example of the non-fiction genre to date.

The present-day fiction scene in the Netherlands is varied and lively. The Dutch novelists are individualists, and the best among them are free from any dogmatic subscription to fashionable theories or forms. In the past they were known for their earnestness, but these days they show a greater awareness of the irony of life and often adopt a more lighthearted approach. A good example is Henk Ronjijn Meijer's *Lieve Zuster Ursula* (Dear Sister Ursula, 1969), which seriously, but at the same time ironically and wittily, probes the Amsterdam art

world, with its artists, critics, dealers and hangers-on.

The sweet, or usually not so sweet, memories of youth continue to provide a wealth of material for a considerable number of writers, particularly now that the permissive society allows uninhibited publication of what had to be bottled up in the less permissive days. Jan Wolkers is the undisputed leader in this field with a fair number of rather uneven autobiographical novels from *Kort Amerikaans* (Crew Cut, 1962) to *Turks Fruit* (Turkish Delight, 1970); books which tend to shock the old and woo the young.

To my mind the best autobiographical novel of the past few years is Anders Bunnier's *Het Jongensuur* (Boys Only, 1969), unusual in that it traces six years in the life of a young girl in reverse order. The story begins in 1945 with the defeat

of the Germans and the Canadian troops in Holland. The girl Simone follows a complete outsider as the war goes a step back, back, back, and the first of her lesbian feelings.

A survey as brief as that of when dealing with only a recent output of what is a fairly small literature, is incomplete and unfair to omit. Many more novels could have been mentioned worthy of the attention of an English reader, and let me of the English publisher.

R. P. Meijer is Professor of Dutch Language and Literature at the University of London.

# SOCIAL STUDIES

## We want to go home

PAUL TABORI:  
*The Anatomy of Exile*  
422pp. Harpax £6.

"I want to go home", said Jan Masaryk, thus giving a concise yet perfect distinction between the exile and the emigrant. The exile wants to go home; the emigrant wants to stay away. The exile's separation from his country is forced; the emigrant's separation is voluntary, says Paul Tabori. Perhaps, on the other hand, the exile often chooses to oppose a regime, a religion, an ideology, a revolution by his own free will, while the emigrant's decision to quit may have been forced upon him by circumstances—economic, political, personal—beyond his control. In addition to exiles and emigrants, we also have immigrants, expatriates, refugees, displaced persons, deportees, evacuees, and expellees. Mr Tabori tells us that he is not an exile but an emigrant. Yet, he used to be President of the PEN Centre of Writers in Exile. Not an exile himself; just a president of exiles. Exile is as old as humanity. Adam and Eve were the first exiles—or were they expellees? In fact, the notion of exile is much older than humanity. Elephants and gorillas are also exiled when they differ from the rest. Not so conform with the herd is as heinously a crime among them as it is among their allegedly more civilized cousins. Wilhelm Röntgen tells the story of a rabbit who had one ear shorter than the other and was shunned and ostracized by his fellow rabbits.

The first exile known to recorded history, Mr Tabori informs us, was a man called Simeon, an ancient Egyptian. He was exiled from his country about 2000 BC but was later permitted to return. He was succeeded by countless, less fortunate millions. The Jews were the first people to be exiled as a nation, and the Babylonians, who expelled the Jews, could claim dubious credit for being the first power to use mass deportation as a political instrument. Subsequently the Jews were expelled from many lands, including England, where they were ordered to leave in the thirteenth century, and it was not until 1883 that a Jew was able to become a member of the House of Lords.

The Greeks invented ostracism—leading to Coventry in modern, mid-twentieth century. In Rome banishment and deportation were frequently used as punishment. Ovid was the most celebrated exile of the most distinguished poet to follow Ovid was Dante, but he was incomparably more distinguished as poet than as an exile. He was, originally, banished from Florence as a Ghibelline but eventually became a Ghibelline. (All the same, he never returned to his beloved Florence and died in exile, in Ravenna. He wreaked his revenge on his enemies: he Hell is largely populated by his political opponents.) Machiavelli—to name a little longer on writers—spent fourteen years in "forced residence" and wrote *The Prince* in exile. The Reformation and Counter-Reformation produced something like a tremendous political, military and economic drain on France's resources. "There are still", wrote Voltaire, "some survivors of this colony close to the Hottentots. The French have been scattered farther abroad than the Jews." Subsequently Voltaire, too, found himself a mild variety of exile: when he was in France he could slip back to France, and when the air became hot again he returned to Geneva. A procession of literary men followed in the footsteps of Ovid, Dante, and Voltaire, through Heine, to some Czech journalists in the late 19th to Kuznetsov, and indeed, to famous non-exile, Solzhenitsyn, who succeeded—rightly, from his point of view—in making the worst of two worlds: leading the life of an eternal exile without enjoying the benefit of freedom.

Early Christians, when not put to death, were frequently exiled—Flavia Domitilla, Domitian's niece, having been the most exalted personage in their ranks in those early days. If the Christians gave a number of famous exiles to history, the Islamic era actually began with exile: the Hegira, the Prophet's famous flight in 622. On goes Mr Tabori, conscientiously registering all the important waves from Adam and Eve up to the deportation of the Armenians and the Volga Germans, telling us a lot about the refugees from Mussolini's, Hitler's and Franco's terror, describing the aftermath of the Hungarian Revolution, the occupation of Czechoslovakia and the war in Bangladesh. When Mr Tabori gets into his stride, he has no difficulty in proving that we are all exiles, to the last man. After all, every White and Black American is an emigrant, and the newcomers turned the original inhabitants of the New World into exiles in their own land. The story is similar in Australia and New Zealand. But what about the Europeans? As Mr Tabori mentions even the Völkerwanderung, it is easy to see that we are all, without a single exception, descendants of exiles.

In the last part of *The Anatomy of Exile* Mr Tabori deals with the asylum countries—the Reluctant Havens. Discussing rather pertinently the psychology of exile, he mentions two basic rules, quoting from a private letter he received. First Rule: The emigration from rich countries is a counter-selection whereas from the poor countries it is a selection. What he means is explained thus: if, say, a French doctor emigrates, he goes because he could not rise to the top of his profession, because he is not good enough. Even if he were third-rate—Mr Tabori goes on—he would seek a practice in a small French village, so only the fourth-rate will go to Togo and the Cameroons. But "if a Yugoslav doctor cannot find the scope within his own country because the possibilities are limited, he will . . . seek wider horizons in the United States, Canada, Australia or the United Kingdom." This may be politely called oversimplification. Filsworth (Huntingdon, in his *Main Springs of Civilization*, maintains that all emigrants belong to the least and bravest layer of society: they are people who take their lives in hand, determined to become masters of their own fate. To classify all French, British, Dutch emigrants as well as American expatriates (i.e. emigrants from rich countries) as fourth-rate is ridiculous and insulting. Brilliant French doctors may have many good reasons for going to the Cameroons.

Mr Tabori's Second Basic Rule is this: Every exile must work twice as well and for half the pay as a native if he wishes to reach the same level as the native-born. Must? He often will, against the strongest protests of his native workmates, making himself thoroughly unpopular and provoking many ambivalent reactions: envy, anger and grudging admiration. The Second Basic Rule, however, explains a great deal of the success of emigrants in their adopted countries.

Mr Tabori remarks that while being an exile is a bad thing, to have an exile is a good thing for a country. "Their presence is a boon." Or: "The exile can bear flower and fruit." Not all reception countries have always agreed wholeheartedly with this, as Mr Tabori's detailed and interesting survey of the Reluctant Havens shows.

Britain's record in this respect is, on the whole, a creditable one. This country has a long tradition of giving asylum to the persecuted. Brown's Hotel was described by *Punch* in 1848 as specializing "in exiled monarchs . . . terms reduced and reasonable."

Britain has sent out as many exiles—Pilgrim Fathers as well as younger sons—as she received. Sometimes foreigners had to prove that they had sufficient means to live on while were forbidden to make a living. At other times—in 1914, and again in 1940—a wave of hysteria swept through these otherwise eminently non-hysterical shores and German refugees were interned en masse.

Yet, on the whole, in spite of a tendency to xenophobia and isolationism, the British record is second to none. This country may justly claim that it never refused asylum to those who needed it even if this hospitality brought difficulties in its wake. Neither was Britain selective as some other countries were, picking the young, unmarried, healthy and skilled men while rejecting all those who needed help more badly. Britain has always acted on the principle that asylum should be given because the refugee needs a country and not because the country needs a few refugees, perhaps to reinforce its labour force. But by taking all and sundry, Britain was not doing too badly. The contribution of exiles to their adopted country's achievements will be the subject of Mr Tabori's second volume, to be called *The Gift of the Exiles*. If every country gets the exiles it deserves, Britain and her new citizens need not be ashamed of one another.

## The ice-axeman cometh

NICHOLAS MOSLEY:  
*The Assassination of Trotsky*  
185pp. Michael Joseph. £2.50.

The horror and tragedy of Trotsky's assassination, combined with the sensational elements of espionage and counter-espionage surrounding it, made it a predestined target for the film-maker. Nicholas Mosley, already the author of books on a wide variety of topics, has written the script. It would be unfair to label this the book of the film. He has studied pretty thoroughly the three volumes of Isaac Deutscher's classic biography and the two books already written round the assassination—one by the Mexican Chief of Police in charge of the investigation. The material which was not usable in the film has evidently gone into the book.

The technique of the film has, however, gone to the writer's head in a way which proves rather disconcerting in a different medium. In chapter one we are with Trotsky in 1940 in Mexico City. In chapter two we start from his earliest childhood and reach 1917. That is fair enough. But in chapter three we are back again in 1940 in Trotsky's last home at Coyoacán; and from this point we dodge endlessly to and fro between the last months of his life, with a first attempt at assassination, and the final success; and the outstanding episodes of his earlier career. Thus a

chapter which begins with speculations about the origin and identity of the murderer ends with a description of Trotsky being carried out of Moscow into exile in January 1928. It is all breathtaking; and, since this is not the kind of book which has an index, there is no clue by which one can locate anything one is looking for.

These drawbacks apart, the book is well written in a popular vein. Mr Mosley is scrupulous about his facts, and balanced in his few judgments; he does not pretend to know what the evidence fails to establish. But he does not claim to add to the sum of knowledge, and his rare reflections and excursions into philosophy do not inspire confidence.

At Coyoacán Trotsky looked after his rabbits and tended his cacti and poured out his instructions for the salvation of the world. But it was not by forcing them that his rabbits or his Fourth International grew. A man worked hard according to the best scientific methods but in the end life had its own inner workings.

So dramatic a story cannot be altogether dull. But one would be hard put to it to return a positive answer to the question: was this book really necessary?

POSTAGE: INLAND 3½p ABROAD 2½p

## The American university in agony

JOHN R. SEARLE:  
*The Campus War*  
219pp. Penguin. Paperback, 40p.

John R. Searle is a distinguished philosopher whose recent *Speech Acts* was one of the most important contributions to the philosophy of language to appear in the past decade. Here he turns his analytical and argumentative talents on to the phenomenon of student revolt. It is not only in intellect that Professor Searle is so well equipped for the task. He has taught at the University of California at Berkeley for the past dozen years; and during that time he has been heavily involved in university politics, both as a faculty member active in the Free Speech Movement and as an administrator of student and faculty affairs. He writes as a somewhat weary liberal who spent his student years fighting Joe McCarthy, and now finds McCarthy's tactics of defamation and intimidation practised by the student radicals; but there is nothing weary about the intelligence and wit which he displays.

Although *The Campus War* is subtitled "A Sympathetic Look at the University in Agony", sympathy is not Professor Searle's most obvious characteristic. His virtues are toughness and clarity, and an acerbic sense of humour which is especially effective

live when employed against professors of philosophy. In so far as sympathy emerges at all, it is a slightly reluctant sympathy for administrators who are faced with an impossible job and no resources to cope with it; and so far as institutions are concerned, the author's sympathies are with a university a good deal more like Oxford and Cambridge than anything to be found in North America.

Indeed, North American universities are, on this account, beset by a peculiar set of unwitting conspirators whose efforts could hardly do more to wreck the university if they were consciously aimed at that end. Professor Searle's opening chapter lays out the scenario for the typical revolt—this is a rather notorious set-piece which first appeared in *The New York Times* at the height of the revolutionary epoch in December 1968. It is a somewhat tongue-in-cheek piece of sociology which is both elegant and accurate in description, whatever one thinks of the underlying analogy between student revolt and millenarian upheaval.

The scenario demands that a local or domestic university issue should be tied in with a "sacred topic", such as Racism, the Vietnam War, or the Military-Industrial Complex—for instance, by demanding that the university authorities should at once stop building a gymnasium in a "black park", even if the building has been

planned for four years and the park in question serves only for a mugs' practice-ground. Since the university cannot agree, and the demands are usually presented so insultingly that they are bound to be rejected, the university authorities become symbolically linked with the espousal of an absolute Evil—in this case Racism. This destroys the general belief in their legitimacy, much as we might six centuries ago have revolted against the civil authorities as the representatives of anti-Christ.

The climax, of course, is the battle between the forces of light and dark when the administration is forced to call the police on to the campus. University teachers faced with the police simply turn on whomever lets them on to the premises—though, as Professor Searle notes, this is less likely to happen in this country:

Like most things in England, the police uniforms are about a century out of date . . . British police . . . look like nothing so much as musical comedy actors, and the sight of them charging about does not produce the same exalting sense of horror as does the sight of American police, or the French CRS.

It is of course, also true that English universities are extremely reluctant about calling in the police; while the police seem, if anything, even more reluctant to appear when asked for, and rightly so. Once the faculty turn

on the administration, its authority vanishes, since the presidents of most universities find it intolerable to govern without faculty support, even though they are not constitutionally obliged to seek that support.

The rest of *The Campus War* is devoted to vignettes of students, faculty and administrators, which try to answer the puzzle of why students en masse behave in ways they individually regard as quite irrational, why the faculty are too short-sighted to rally behind the administration, and why the legal authority of administrators does not translate into effective control on campus. Searle ascribes most of the underlying discontent of students to sources quite outside the university—and obviously this means that campus peace depends on social conditions which are mostly quite outside the university's power to control. But there is much the university can do to make its own responses more appropriate to its problems.

Some of Professor Searle's recommendations will induce a quite unjustified smugness in the senior common rooms of Oxbridge, where the belief that almighty Providence strikes lesser places with student troubles is already a don's "sacred topic". For what the author wants is the abolition of Regents and Trustees, and the handing over

## Wlodzimierz Brus

the distinguished Marxist economist, was until 1968 Professor of Political Economy at the University of Warsaw. In *The Market in a Socialist Economy* he shows how a socialist economy, centrally planned, may require a particular kind of market to operate efficiently. His book will be of interest to all political affiliations. From economics to ethics. The social sciences today are frequently criticized for their amoral character and neglect of strategic social issues. Yet broadly ethical concepts are central to the language of these disciplines. In *The Social Reality of Ethics* John H. Barnsley appeals to modern moral philosophy and to the perspective and methodology of sociology in an attempt to both heighten the contemporary relevance of social science research and to provide a possible starting point for theory in this field.

Two important new studies in education have just been published: *The Teaching of English in Schools 1900-1970* focuses on the extensive changes in classroom methods which have modified our school system. *English in Primary Schools* shows how the continuous development of spoken English will contribute to the improvement of written English.

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## Travelling Gent

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# Chaos under the crust

PETER REDGROVE:  
*Dr Faust's Sea-Spiral Spirit*  
80pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul.  
£1.50 (paperback, 75p).

Three Pieces for Voices  
23pp. Poet and Printer. 24p.

"I am startled by comparisons", begins one of Peter Redgrove's new poems, and the reader may feel similarly unhinged after a prolonged session with these two books. On the other hand he may feel simply crushed, battered into submission by the tidal wave of Mr Redgrove's gargantuan sense-impressions. This is a world where matter collides with matter, physics is a series of universe-shaking explosions, chemistry is a boiling cauldron of malevolent liquids, and even the contemplation of numbers is fraught with terror: see "The Million", which moves from one, via ten, one hundred, etc. to the enormity of its title:

But the horror of the number a million  
Wipes his one long lip with her knickers  
Free from the grease of the last  
massacred lady.

Where he squats with the bones  
On the glittering desert island of far  
greater numbers than he,  
Circled by seas of numbers greater and  
more traitless than they.

In some of his earlier books, one often felt that something too nucleobound was being brought to bear on essentially trivial subject-matter: the uprooting of a daisy was being put in the same scale as the felling of a mighty oak. One could not level this criticism at the work in these new collections. Earth-wielding manner is matched with titanic theme. *Three Pieces for Voices* contains longish works which are dramatic extensions of the form Mr Redgrove had shown earlier in such efforts as "Mr Waterman" and "The Sermon", and

though more complex than either of these, they demonstrate his skill in moving about great blocks of language with notable muscularity; and "The Jesus Apparition" shows an interesting development beyond the semi-dramatic to the cantata. Mr Redgrove is nothing if not ambitious. But one's doubts now cluster round the sense of what he is trying to do. The blurb to *Dr Faust's Sea-Spiral Spirit* suggests:

He is asking questions about the brain and the heart, the embryo and the sorcerer, about the Bible and about the clock. His answers unravel, and perhaps where he once stated now he sighs, and where once he almost sighed now he shouts. The poems are about changing fear into a growing vision.

It is difficult not to believe that one knows who wrote these unblurblike words, right down to the characteristic ambiguity in *unravel*: does it mean that his answers make things clear, or that they come loose in his hands? If Mr Redgrove's purpose is to demonstrate the chaos of the world as it touches our senses, he must be counted successful; but undifferentiated chaos, however well deployed with a choicely sensuous and wide-ranging vocabulary, is hard to accommodate. Hyperthesia (such as David Gascoyne was aware of when he was writing his not dissimilar surrealist poems in the 1930s) invests everything with equally terrifying properties:

# Class of seventy-one

PETER PORTER (Editor):  
*New Poems 1971-1972*  
184pp. Hutchinson. £2.

The principles of selection behind *New Poems 1971-1972*, as Peter Porter makes clear in the introduction, differ from those on which previous PEN anthologies were based. Previously the editors chose from manuscripts solicited by public advertisement; this anthology, however, is Mr Porter's own personal distillation from poems which appeared in magazines between the compiling of *New Poems 1970-71* and the autumn quarter of 1971. This change, as Mr Porter recognizes, obviously means that little-known poets are going to get less of a look in; but the overall balance in this book between the glamorous and the struggling could in fact be a good deal more unequal than it is. Out of a total

of sixty-six poets, perhaps twenty or so could be classified as at present little-known; and—perhaps because they had a thin year in magazine-publishing—lots of famous names are absent. Irish talent is a good deal in evidence—seven Ulster poets, including the highly promising Paul Muldoon and the precocious twelve-year-old Arthur McVeigh—and there is a liberal sprinkling of Scots and Welsh too. The Northern group has either had a quiet year, or doesn't appeal to Mr Porter, or both.

Maybe it is asking too much to expect that much of the poetic output of a random year should be especially outstanding; but it seems reasonable to expect a rather richer crop than, judging by this selection, we actually got. There are some first-rate poems, but little actually leaps off the page: high competence rather than genius is, perhaps inevitably, the

hallmark. Quite what redemptive year's work, and what the personal tastes, is bound to be lamentable, even for him; but there is a faintly homogeneous feeling about the volume which probably says something of both. There is a radical experimentalism (partly a concrete poem of indifference by Alan Riddell), but little of the formalism or self-consciousness of an alien either: not much mythological, political or Nature poetry, and few poems which preen themselves pretentiously. The best pieces are occasionally humorous, usually ironic and emotionally honest. There are especially attractive contributions by Michael Hamburger, D. J. Enns, James Fenton, Roy Fisher, John Gorton, Charles Tomlinson, Muldoon and Seamus Heaney, even that fairly lengthy but means exhausts what the book offers.

He conducted the discussions gracefully and always seemed to have something more to say than he actually revealed. The object of our reading seemed to be to find ideas we could argue about. Ideas were what we were after, not feelings or a sense of the way the work was written. We were certainly not reading for pleasure. . . .

This admirably encapsulates a certain kind of university seminar—tantalizingly shadowing forth a Socratic methodology, while evading the leisureed commitment and personal involvement of a Socrates. For the

Such is the macabre comedy of modern man of letters: at Sorbonne jabbed with hypodermic needles to register for a course in Kundera; at Berkeley coaxed for expensive hours further and further up into the hills, with patios and more luminous windows gazing down on the "These people had no subject, of all themselves"; which reached its epitaph on the poets of the 1960s, Spenser, as well as their lifelines, students—with their lifelines, students—the result of having had more of everything than wanted.

Louis Simpson provides a reminder of the shabby genteel of the Eisenhower years. If not for himself, he is an ironically recorder. His parody of a *Yorker* missive to Coleridge ably epitomizes the era when academic middlemen of the look over:

Dear Sam:  
We liked "Kubla Khan" very much and want to take it. Our readers, however, have some queries that you can clear up.

"Xanadu." One of our points out that this name is not in the general reader's mind. The poem would go off to a much better start if you simply said "China" would lose a syllable if you could keep the meter if you said another word. For example:

In China, once did Kubla Khan  
pleasure-dome. We don't like this clearly. Do you mean the gardens, as in Babylon, or is maybe thinking of the Crystal Palace? . . .

A signpost from the 1930s, 1920s Turks somewhere here.

# Can't stop climbing

SAUL BECKETT:  
*The Last Ones*  
20pp. Calder and Boyars. £1.40.

When bright-eyed undergraduates come to write their theses on "Ladder Symbolism in Samuel Beckett's *The Last Ones*" will probably be their last book. Murphy, of course, pulled the ladder after him when he retreated into his attic, and the narrator's lie that extension and problem-solving was a target—most people would say a target—of his happy exuberance; but to something to be said for him fully, too.

The theme of *The Last Ones* (Le Derniers) physically reverses these earlier notions: roughly expressed on the ladder, there is nothing on the top—"an idea which also has been an incident in *Endgame*"—and an incident in *Endgame* (Clay ascends the ladder to describe the bleak scene outside, though there is not the kind of direct communication between the character and a concrete poem of indifference by Alan Riddell), but little of the formalism or self-consciousness of an alien either: not much mythological, political or Nature poetry, and few poems which preen themselves pretentiously. The best pieces are occasionally humorous, usually ironic and emotionally honest. There are especially attractive contributions by Michael Hamburger, D. J. Enns, James Fenton, Roy Fisher, John Gorton, Charles Tomlinson, Muldoon and Seamus Heaney, even that fairly lengthy but means exhausts what the book offers.

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stir from the coign they have won . . . because they have decided their best chance is there and if they seldom or never ascend to the niches and tunnels it is because they have done so too often in vain or come there too often to grief. "The searchers", though, climb the cylinder's ladders to the niches and tunnels, waiting their turn in queues because "the use of the ladder is regulated by conventions of obscure origin, which in their precision and the submission they exact from the climbers resemble laws"; once inside the niche or tunnel a searcher must wait for a ladder to reappear at the tip of his niche so that he can get back to the floor of the cylinder.

It seems reasonable to suppose that the ladders represent the means by which we achieve knowledge: that the searching is for knowledge; and that the ladder symbol relates directly to Wittgenstein's remarks in the *Tractatus*: "My propositions are elucidatory in this way: he who understands me finally recognizes them as senseless when he has climbed through them, on them, over them. He must, so to speak, throw away the ladder after he has climbed up on it." The link between the ladders of Beckett and Wittgenstein has been

# Cad's cradle

ELAINE FEINSTEIN:  
*The Amberstone Exit*  
176pp. Hutchinson. £2.

Sensitive girl has Dad-fixation. Very brave sensitive girl has baby alone without telling Dad (baby's Dad, though it's all one, Freud-wise). Have we met her before, at the waterfall, or in the I-shaped room? This is a bit unfair, because if Elaine Feinstein is a cut below Margaret Drabble she is a cut above Lynne Reid Banks. As well as the familiar female themes of self-punishment and desertion by a cad in mixture of Frick von Strohheim and George Sanders, this one, a steely theme of worldly success runs through the novel, success's attraction and ugliness. Emily's beloved father is a good man but an un-

successful one. The further he goes under, the higher rises the local rich man (Strohheim/Sanders). Emily's parents are proud of her friendship with his glamorous family; but she manages to end up as devastated and brought low by the Tyrenes as her father. She lives after her father's opposite; but in the end her position, nakedness and penance, is just as her father's was.

The writing is good, the dialogue flexible, the construction strong and even. Something is wrong with the time scheme, though. Although the novel spans the years from about 1946 to 1952, there is no particular feeling of that period evoked. The four-letter words among young girls are completely of the 1970s, and the jacket shows a girl dressed in current fashion.

produced a novel about the experience. *The Deserted House*, written in 1930-40, circulated in Russia in manuscript during the 1960s, and published in the West in 1967. That was a better book than *Going Under*, which is written in the first person and reads less like a novel than a chapter of autobiography. But the new book does have value, reminding us that the purges have never ceased, that those who suffered are still suffering, that those left behind will suffer for the rest of their lives.

*The Deserted House* was beautifully translated by Aline Werth; *Going Under* is clumsily translated and supplied with a few unhelpful notes, and also carelessly printed. This is unfortunate because the narrative depends closely on atmosphere and tone, of a Chekhovian kind, which are destroyed over and over again by wrong words and false phrases. It is also unfortunate because Lydia Chukovskaya, though she has not created a memorial as magnificent as Anna Akhmatova's *Requiem* or Nadezhda Mandelstam's memoirs, has nevertheless contributed one more essential item to the documentation of this crucial episode in the history of modern culture, and she deserves to be properly presented to English readers. The book's epigraph is Tolstoy's remark that "the integrity of a man is evident from his attitude to the word" and it is a pity the publishers haven't taken it more seriously. Even so, there comes through all the political and linguistic barriers the harsh impression of a society in which what people write really matters, and in which at least a few people tell the truth regardless of the cost.

# Road works

LOUIS PAUL BOON:  
*Chapel Road*

Translated by Adrienne Dixon  
338pp. New York: Twayne. \$6.95.

The choice of *Chapel Road* as the first in the publishers' Library of Netherlandic Literature is bold and imaginative. For since its original appearance in 1953, this novel by the candidate for the Nobel Prize has been controversial as only works in advance of their time can be; and even now that experimental writing is commonplace, it has lost none of its freshness and vitality.

The narrative—or rather two alternating narratives, past and present, interrupted by the author's comments and satirical episodic adaptations of the Reynard epic—is preceded by an introduction which sums up the themes of this composite structure:

Chapel Road which is the book about the childhood of Ondine, who was born in the year 1800—and something . . . about her father, vapour, who wanted to save the world with his godless machine, and about all the things which I can't quite recall now, but which try to draw a rough sketch of the labyrinth of our existence, and of the decline of the bourgeoisie which got knocked down by two world wars and collapsed. But between and besides this it is also a book set in a much later time, in our own time of today; whereas Ondine lived in the year 1800—and something, a man asked of the ministry, Johan Jansen, the journalist, lipsticked the painter, the poet and professor spout-

ing in fact, that Agnes's joy at finding herself pregnant becomes totally incomprehensible. But Mr Jenkins's handling of religion is even more awry. Ann, the daughter of the respectable Presbyterian minister, goes to pieces awfully when some boys from Glasgow wantonly destroy her dog. But Agnes, armed with a gentle faith, can sail calmly through a night in which an orphan boy wanders out into the storm, her mother dies of cancer in hospital, her father chops Luke to pieces with a hatchet and keeps to a spectacular death from a bridge. The body of the orphan boy is found eaten by birds—somehow to the alarm of the Ardhallow school-children. But Agnes gleefully rings the school bell and tells the children how "wonderful" it is "to know that when nobody really wants you the Lord is sure to". The effect of all this on the reader is to imagine that Agnes must be off her head. But the effect on the sceptical headmistress—whose remarks and the novel—is an unaccountable renewal of faith. It is almost as though Mr Jenkins is frightened by the conclusions his novel is coming to. He stops everything, closes his eyes and firmly toasts the Lord.

Agnes is the daughter of a strict Puritan preacher: she believes that everything in the small Scottish town of Ardhallow has been sent by God—including an American nuclear submarine and a sailor called Luke. With Luke she starts to experience what Mr Jenkins intends to be sexual liberation: "The dog licked her hand. She let it for its pink tongue going in and out reminded her, quite unobscurely, of the love-making she had dreamt of with Luke." Mr Jenkins gives himself away with "quite unobscurely". Sex in this novel is really a very nasty business: so nasty.

"With the technical mastery of a seasoned professional, the sureness of touch of one steeped for more than 20 years in seventeenth-century material, and his own special brand of mordant wit, he re-tells in vivid detail an extraordinary tale of human credulity, knavery and folly," Geoffrey Holmes, *The Times*

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# Quite a night

ROBIN JENKINS:  
*A Toast to the Lord*  
220pp. Corgi. £2.

Robin Jenkins's novels are often at odds with their own morality. *The Expatriates*, for example, taught us to be unselfconscious about race; but the characterization of the coloured mistress—all humility and perfection—was patronizing beyond words. Now in *A Toast to the Lord* race gives way to sex and religion; but there is still the same vast gap between what the novel says it is doing and what it actually does.

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# Ski Lift

It was like getting through bad flak:  
the wide, blank planes of blue unreachable,  
his lungs scorched by the thinning air.

Foothills and a fringe of spruce diminished;  
the hotel misted over.  
In the lounge, down there, he'd watched the bayonettings.

A month away, and still his mail got through.  
The news was always good.  
It left him cold, or feeble with regret.

Out of touch was best:  
his gloves iced to the bar locking him in,  
the cable hissing overhead.

Choughs tumbled into view like smuts in steam  
as he reached the topmost pylon;  
his chair rumbled across.

He'd spend his days on those fast slopes below  
and sleep the rest.  
He was tired of seeing the blood run.

DAVID HARSENT







steadily more committed to the Anglo-Saxon language areas. However gratifying in themselves these very much strengthened cultural bonds with Britain and America may be, it must also be evident that this development is not without its disadvantages—specifically for literary life.

Any Dutchman who cannot read French, for instance, misses all direct contact with a literature which, next to English, was of the greatest significance in the modernization of Dutch literature that began at the end of the last century. Because until recently most people who were interested in literature could read French, there are large gaps in what French literature is available in Dutch translation. And what is translated does not in general sell as well as books translated from English. A striking example is the low sales figures for the splendid Dutch translation of Céline's masterpiece *Voyage au bout de la nuit*, a work which has had a great influence on the writing of Heremans in particular, but also on that of the later Van der Reve. (I think

that in these two Dutchmen Céline has had his most talented pupils. They have adapted his linguistic innovations and his pessimistic worldview in a manner all their own.)

But against the growing alienation from France, there is the great popularity of books in English. Which are the most admired writers in Dutch literary circles? There are too many for me to list them all, but may I in conclusion name a few of the best known: Joyce, Forster, Marianne Moore, Orwell, Auden, Isherwood, Malcolm Lowry, Edmund Wilson, Mary McCarthy, Robert Lowell, Saul Bellow, Sylvia Plath, Iris Murdoch and, of course, Vladimir Nabokov. But I am sure that everyone will agree with me that one cannot neglect, for instance, Thomas Mann or Marcel Proust, even in favour of Joyce, simply through the loss of that knowledge of languages which was once a matter of course for every cultured Dutchman.

Henk van Galen last was born in Java in 1921. He has published a novel, criticism and essays, and earns his living as a history teacher.

REINDER P. MEIJER:  
Literature of the Low Countries  
Mapp, Assen: Van Gorcum, 1961.

Since John Bowring introduced Dutch literature in this country in 1824 there have been a number of general studies, by Edmund Gosse, Herbert Grierson, James Russell, Adrian Bannow and Theodor Wevers. Reinder P. Meijer, however, provides the first general history of Dutch literature for English readers. At the same time, it is an encouraging reminder of a rapidly changing attitude to foreign languages that this book was written while the author was teaching Dutch at Melbourne University.

One volume of this size cannot hope to meet the demands of all its potential readers, ranging from the specialist in this literature or in European literature or in Dutch social or cultural history to the Englishman unable to read Dutch but interested in the civilization of a people—to quote Bowring—'allied by habit and by history with our thoughts and recollections.' Professor Meijer, aware of this dilemma, has boldly attempted to be all things to all men by retaining a subjective point of view (which offers to those already familiar with the subject fresh insights and arresting opinions), by relating this literature to the changing patterns in national and European thought, and by providing discrete and unpedantic synopses of the most important works in order to avoid making impossible demands on many of his readers.

Professor Meijer's first chapter, on the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, stresses the influence of French literature on the earliest, Frankish, authors of Dutch epic and romance, a tradition broken by Mierlant and the devotional writers. The title of his chapter on the fourteenth century, "Instructors and Entertainers", alludes to the didacticism which, introduced in the moralizing chronicles, poetics (Roendale) and the *Devotie modernia* of this century, retained its appeal in Dutch literature for 400 years. Yet this was also the age of the song (often from Germany) as well as the first serious (abel) secular plays, whose connection with folk-song themes is missing from the discussion of their origins.

The marriage of Margaret of Flanders to Philip "brought the House of Burgundy into the Low Countries and with it a force of such energy that one might be justified in calling the fifteenth century after them." The title of this chapter, "Rulers and Rhetoricians", highlights the particular contributions of the Chambers of Rhetoric to the remarkable prosperity of the arts under this political federation. The Rhetorician poets, the *Rederijkers*, "were very interested in technique, unhealthily so, it has been said. Experimentation with form became one of their main concerns." Yet

the preoccupation with form and technique was not peculiar to literature only. We find it in the work of Jan van Eyck who constantly experimented with form, and... the composition of paint... In music, too, we meet this interest in technique, particularly in the Second Flemish polyphonic school of Johannes Okegem (1495) and Jacob Obrecht (1505). The advances in the technique of composition made by this school were as striking as those of the *Rederijkers* and some of their experiments in form were amazingly similar to the extravaganzas of the poets... they wrote retrograde canons, inverted canons, augmented and diminished canons, canons containing a riddle, etc.

In this kind of comparison, or elsewhere, where Professor Meijer notes the respects in which Dutch mystery plays differ from the French and English, this study

## From epic to experiment

Conscience as the pioneer novel (the credit for which surely goes to Wolff and the importance of Gerzelle in the history of literary Flemish).

The seventeenth century is represented here (as in K. H. D. Hakey's recent book) as an age of religious and social tolerance, as well as, of course, considerable political and artistic activity. The evidence for this view derives, however, predominantly from the prosperous burghers who were the patrons of government and art alike, and who could themselves afford to be liberal. It was the urban backbone to society and the arbiter of its spokesmen that account for the failure of Hooft's pastoral play and for Huygens's *Triffling Cornelis* and Bredero's farces which, far from showing "that the aristocrats of the seventeenth century had not cut themselves off from the lower strata of society", indicate rather that the illiterate were considered fit targets for mockery. Bredero's *Spanische Brander* is the exception, but the tragedy of shame and exploitation which informs this "comedy" is scarcely referred to in this study. Professor Meijer makes what he himself calls a particularly invidious comparison, of Vondel with Shakespeare, concluding that "Vondel's drama never has the power to jolt a modern audience in the way Shakespeare still can." Apart from the tacit assumption (in which the author is by no means alone) which this makes about Dutch directors, audiences and the repertoire, Professor Meijer's actual criticism of Vondel does not gain credibility from a number of inaccuracies. If Lucifer is "weak and wavering" why was the play of that name (like Milton's epic) condemned for portraying him too favourably? Though *Adrian in Balg* was written in Vondel's Sophoclean period, it is in fact influenced by Grotius in its Senecan manner as well as in its theme, the fall of Man (which is the subject of this play rather than of *Lucifer*, as Professor Meijer states).

In the French influence on the classicism of the eighteenth century, the Dutch, we are archly reminded, were only recognizing what Heinsius and Vossius had previously offered to Racine and Corneille (as they did also to Dryden and Pope). But with the notable exception of the romantic novelists Wolff and Deken, the writers of this century, whether classicists or romantics, are second-rate, and should be clearly recognized as such. Of the two possible further exceptions, Luyken and Billerdjik, the former is given only about half the attention paid to the Van Haren brothers and Feith, and they in turn overshadow the Renaissance moralist Cats, who had figured in only two paragraphs of the previous chapter.

The chapter on the nineteenth century, "Moralists and Anti-moralists", strangely ignores the impact of the religious revival (the *Revell*) on the historical novelists. Heets's sketches are favoured with the comment that they are written "in an excellent style which avoided all stiffness, silliness and grandiloquence", and although Potgieter's adverse criticism of Heets is noted, no reference is made to the style of Potgieter's humour for comparison with Heets; and the real innovator in unpretentious prose, the essayist Jacob Geel, is not mentioned at all. Since Multatuli's apparent anarchism is highly moralistic; the epithet "anti-moralist" is presumably intended for Busken Huet and the poets of 1880. Professor Meijer makes a valuable comparison of the romanticism in Shelley with that of these poets; and of their symbolism with that of the French poets, and he rightly distinguishes between the aims of the northern journal, *De Nieuwe Gids*, and its southern counterpart, *Van Nu en Straks*; though the special place he accords to

the author's main problem and his proposed solution, and by mentioning some of the points by means of which he moves from one to the other. He formulates the problem as follows: "Through what socio-historical processes, and intellectual procedures, do populations of concepts and conceptual systems change in their transition from each generation to the next? This is an important, empirical question which, like similar questions about the change of other human institutions, presupposes an analysis of the structure of conceptual systems—an analysis which has been a traditional philosophical task."

The connexion between the ambitious statement of the problem and the modest conclusion of the book consists in arguments of two kinds: negative arguments which, as in Professor Toulmin's earlier book, are directed against what he regards as most philosophers' exclusive preoccupation with logical systematization; and positive arguments illustrating and defending his conception of what Hegel called the cunning of Reason. In his negative arguments Professor Toulmin rightly objects to any philosophy of science which recognizes as legitimate only either purely logical questions (e.g. does *p* follow logically from *q*?) or purely empirical questions (e.g. is the empirical statement *p* true or false?). And which overlooks other types of question, for example the question how best to redefine our terms in the light of newly discovered relevant facts. However, he seems to underestimate the importance of the logical analysis of static theories and conceptual systems to the proper understanding of their function and change. Anatomy is important to physiology and the theory of evolution, and a

statistic theory may be a prerequisite of a dynamic one. This is acknowledged by Collingwood, Popper and Kuhn, with whom Professor Toulmin can engage in fruitful controversy because he shares many of their general assumptions.

As regards Professor Toulmin's conception of the cunning of Reason, his favourite analogy is, as it has been for some time, the operation of judges and lawyers within the common-law tradition. He holds that intellectual decisions in general are analogous to judicial decisions, which are adopted as precedents in those respects that "illuminate the specific demand of the present case and historical situation" and help to show how those demands can be met "in a manner concordant with the fundamental purposes of the law." But granted, for the sake of the argument, that we know what these fundamental purposes are, what are the corresponding fundamental purposes or principles of rationality, which are realized by the cunning of Reason? Are they absolute or relative? Are they capable or incapable of being at least imperfectly known? Lastly, to what extent is it possible to define the notion of a principle of rationality? Whether or not the projected two volumes will contain the answers to these questions, the present one contains enough interesting and stimulating material to make its readers await its successors with some curiosity.

Although the argument of the book proceeds at a leisurely pace, it is possible to summarize its five hundred-odd pages without serious omission. A fair idea of its core, however, be conveyed by stat-

### PHILOSOPHY

## How do concepts change?

STEPHEN TOULMIN:  
*Human Understanding*  
Volume 1: General Introduction and Part One  
Oxyp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, 1971.

*Human Understanding* is the first volume of a trilogy whose aim is to present a new "epistemic self-portrait" of Man which could rightly take the place of some older pictures painted by such philosophers as Plato, Descartes, Locke and Kant. The topic of this volume is the analysis of the collective use and evolution of concepts. The second volume is to contain an examination of the individual grasp and development of concepts, the third an inquiry into the rational adequacy and appraisal of concepts. The central thesis of the present volume, Stephen Toulmin tells us, was first proposed and defended in an earlier philosophical work of his, *The Uses of Arguments*, and is now to be further elaborated and justified in the philosophy of science, undertaken by him alone and in collaboration with June Goodfield.

Although the argument of the book proceeds at a leisurely pace, it is possible to summarize its five hundred-odd pages without serious omission. A fair idea of its core, however, be conveyed by stat-

## The unicorn in the thickets

IAN HUDSON:  
*The Unicorn in the Thicket*  
Oxyp. Cape, 1971.

Ian Hudson is best known for his studies on contrasting styles of thinking in English schoolboys and their implications for educational specialists. He has also had some interest in things to say about self-perception and social stereotypes in school-children. Unlike its predecessors, this book makes no new contribution of a technical (or even semi-technical) nature; it is essentially a discussion of the current predicament of psychology (and to some extent philosophy) as seen from an anthropological standpoint.

Oddly, Professor Hudson introduces his topic in a chapter called "Doppelgänger", apparently by Rilke's famous sonnet about the girl and unicorn which has long to have haunted him. In the present context, its significance lies in the author's belief that myths serve to reconcile conflicting ideas, values or categories of experience in a form that enables them to co-exist, thus making their compatibility bearable.

This book handles complex material with remarkable skill and clarity. The European setting is always out of the corner of the reader's eye which registers glimpses, from time to time of kindred minds of the past. The criticisms that have been offered, of inequality in the treatment of some of the particular details of fact or formulation, this study sustains in author's own works introduced, and personally, by an authority of and honest judgment.

NEW POETS AWARD  
1973

Entries for the Award of the New Poets Award are invited from students in U.K. who have published more than one poem. Previous winners: Philip Thorneycroft, Pilling, Forrest-Thomson, New Poets Award School of English University of Leeds, 1972.

same general ideas are bandied about quite a lot in different forms in these pages.

One has the feeling that the philosophy of education is very much a thing between being and not being at the moment. And the eminent philosophers here represented, R. F. Atkinson, Antony Flew, John Wilson and others appear to be quite glad of a subject about which there are a number of points to be made, some of them points about knowledge and truth, some about morality, and some simply about ordinary language. The questions debated are, first, what constitutes indoctrination? Is it a special method of teaching, or is it something to do with subject-matter, or something to do with the teacher's intentions, or all or none of these? And then is indoctrination always wrong, or can it sometimes be justified (but the answer to this question must of course depend on the prior question of what indoctrination is)? It seems plain, in fact, that no one would ever seriously avow the idea

of indoctrinating another; nor would any teacher ever describe what he was doing as indoctrinating his pupils. It therefore looks as if indoctrination is the description always of someone else's activities not one's own; and it is likely therefore that the use of the term is normally derogatory, though, paradoxically, one might be brought to admit that in a particular case something once described as indoctrination had a good effect. Again, on the whole, the conclusion that one thinks of doctrines (that is a special kind of coherent set of beliefs) as what is indoctrinated seems unexceptionable and fairly unexciting. And all the contributors appear to agree that if indoctrination is bad, it is so because of its irrational nature. The best kind of teaching is that which presents the pupil with arguments as well as with conclusions. But of course to say that indoctrination is irrational and good teaching is somehow rational; or that the one appeals to the irrational in the pupil

while the other appeals to the rational element, is not to say very much except that we nowadays approve of some kinds of teaching more than others; and perhaps that the whole notion of a body of received doctrine is repugnant to many of us.

There is no very clear-cut criterion offered in this book by which we may distinguish the rational from the irrational, or the uncritically received from the reasonably held belief. All in all, though a good many interesting things emerge in the course of these essays, there is a certain poverty of ideas. The main impression one gets is of philosophers somewhat timidly circling round and round, hoping that they will not appear to be bored with the subject. If there is such a thing as the philosophy of education (and Plato and others have certainly thought that there was)—we could wish that it could announce itself a little more boldly than it does in this specimen collection.

DAVID & CHARLES

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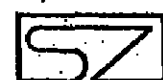
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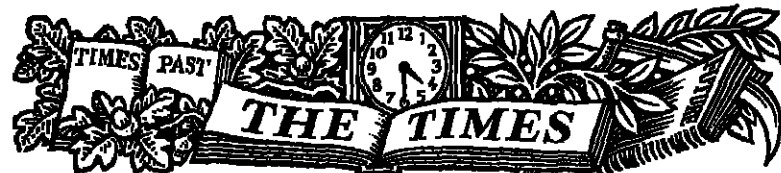
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# TLS

71st Year 11 AUGUST 1972 No. 3,676

## Viewpoint

BY IAN HAMILTON

In a couple of weeks' time I will be publishing the tenth anniversary issue of the *Review*. Like any birthday (any of my birthdays, that's to say) the occasion will, I suspect, not find me renouncing all that blithely for the bubbly. At best, it will be a day for enjoying a lengthy banquet of mixed feelings. There will of course be gratification; simply to have kept a small poetry magazine going for a decade (though there have been odd stretches in which it did take an enforced breather) must induce some sort of survivor's self-congratulation. And, looking back on the whole run of the *Review*, I know that there have been enough good things in it for me not to feel, even fleetingly, that the whole thing was a waste of time. But these mild complacencies will be outweighed, if I am honest, by a strong sense of how little the magazine has changed the things it set out to change, how far short it has fallen of its original objectives.

These, admittedly, were grandiose. When the *Review* began, the poetry world—as viewed from an Oxford bed-sitter—seemed both sterile and corrupt: sterile in the sense that the prevailing and praised modes were either sub-Movement ratiocinations, mechanical and dull, or the souped-up journalism of the then vigorously self-publicizing Group; corrupt because the kind of reviewing that all this wretched stuff was treated to was insipid and timorous in a way that could only (or so it seemed from where I sat) have been engendered by a profound social or careerist terror. With the exception of Alvarez in *The Observer*, the whole metropolitan gang (at any rate the poetry bit of it) appeared phillistine and ill-livered.

Yes, ancient indignations, and I'd agree that as a now member of said gang (along with several of the *Review's* early contributors) I'd find it hard to take precisely the same view—but in 1962 there was no doubt about it: what was needed was a magazine that would clear the air, that would be rigorous and polemical, that would rap dunces and hound chaplains, and so on. And, more than that, what was needed was a new poetry, or a new sense of the poetic. To me, and to one or two of my friends, it seemed that poetry in the postwar period had strayed off into the territory of classy journalism, of the mini-essay; that it had lost any real sense of (or interest in) what it was poetry—or could become.

In the second issue of the *Review*, Colin Falek—who, along with the talented American poet Michael Fried, was one of the magazine's important guiding lights—laid down at least the basic tendencies we hoped to see develop. He spoke first of the weight that now falls on poems coming out of interpersonal experience; this followed, directly, from the volcanic part that such experience plays in our lives today. As Eliot has said, "When morals cease to be a matter of tradition and orthodoxy... then per-

sonality becomes a thing of alarming importance". Our experience of others is an increasingly vital means by which our awareness grows. Another result is the dominant role of shorter poems. This is because in the effort now to

centralized, a poetry that would prove whatever it proposed.

Looking back then to those original objectives, both critical and creative, one has to ask oneself how much of all that vehemence has actually paid off. On the critical side, it seems to me that the most that can be claimed—in terms of influence—is that the *Review* has been a useful watch-dog kind of presence. The general level of poetry reviewing (though one might now take a more resigned attitude to it) is no more honest and purposeful today than it was ten years ago; and even those of the *Review's* contributors who have taken up reviewing spots in the weeklies have seemed strangely enfeebled by the elevation. And if there were, ten years ago, prevailing modes that appeared to be its unlovely, today's fashions are by comparison grotesque. With the emergence of Liverpoolians and sub-Black-Mountainians, one tends to look back with positive admiration on many of one's bygone targets: at least they had brains and could swim. I have now and then caught myself proclaiming, "In fact, the simpaton-contrived 'split' between the 'academic' and 'non-academic' poets has made it possible for abuse from a paper like the *Review* to act almost as a positive incentive to write badly. Thus keeping the magazine going has often seemed to have had more to do with conservation, with the maintenance of near-extinct notions, than with anything genuinely progressive.

On the creative side, I confess to far less gloom—and what gloom I do

## Rose

In the delicately shrouded heart  
Of this white rose, a patient eye  
The eye of love  
Knows who I am and where I've been  
Tonight, and what I wish I'd done.

I have been watching this white rose  
For hours, imagining  
Each tremor of each petal to be like a breath  
That silences and soothes.

Look at it, I'd say to you  
If you were here: it is a sign  
Of what is brief, and lonely  
And in love.  
But you have gone and so I'll call it wise  
A patient breath, an eye, a rose  
That opens up too easily, and dies.

IAN HAMILTON

wards purely poetic recreation of meaning the long poem risks either simply reflecting the private pattern of the poet's mind, or else eliding out with conscious but poetically unsustained thought. The same way, didacticism is really a lot of unrelated images strung on one long idea.

This goes, in fact, for any abstraction or discursiveness which isn't involved essentially in a pattern of direct lyrical recreation—and therefore includes the innumerable most fashionable in America today which harps on, round and through the "language problem" itself to the point of complete effolation and beyond. All this follows from the kind of total enterprise that modern poetry distinguishes itself by: Blackman's characterization of Eliot's poetry as "bringing the whole soul of man into activity" applies to serious modern poetry in general. But it follows, to the same degree, that serious poems may now seem less concerned with experience than they used to be; and more with experience, far less can be taken for granted, and honesty has driven us back to the kind of basic lyrical awareness that we find in our most essential poetry since Eliot.

This quotation is hardly fair to Falek, since it presents the overtly sloganizing upshot of what was a subtly mounted argument. But it does, I think, give some idea of what the magazine believed it was after: a new lyricism, direct, personal, con-

feel has more to do with the way in which the magazine's poets have been treated by their "critics" than with what they themselves have actually produced. Poets like Michael Fried, Hugo Williams, David Harsett,

Colin Falek and (though he is a variety of manners) Donald Owen Barfield, whose poems which go a long way towards answering the kind of questions Falek outlined in his issue. They have also written self-paradoxically: some centred in the direction of their own work, and some centred on the poet who has taken it upon himself to identify a *Review's* poets.

The fact that only now we have any of these poets printed could reasonably be described as "minimal" poem (it is something around five or six lines simply been ignored; and now has been made, by my recent read, to either (a) seriously consider the possibility that a poem of more than ten lines might be able to achieve effects that could be achieved at greater length; (b) go beyond parentheticals about Chrysostom, or the Silence, to engage with the principles behind the poem, to have been endless papers so-called *Review* poems, and the jeering aside, but not a single critique. Personally I believe schools ought to be discouraged or less as soon as they are as such, but if they have any sense it is surely to affirm and create a critical idea. Maybe the case of the *Review*, the way so there is something deeply symptomatic about the hole of a general eagerness to begin to guess at what the intention of these poets is, what poem in their chosen mode or might, be like.

No doubt every magazine feels that its progeny is not being treated, but such a paradox of Coleridge studies biographers are severe and per- while those who study the night are correspondingly indulgent. (See, for instance, Donald Owen Barfield's remarks that "the true nature of the relation between them, are the poets as a whole endeavour. One of only agree. It seems simple enough. Why, then, do so many com- mences begin with their hands on the biographer's head? It is a paradox of Coleridge studies biographers are severe and per- while those who study the night are correspondingly indulgent. (See, for instance, Donald Owen Barfield's remarks that "the true nature of the relation between them, are the poets as a whole endeavour. One of only agree. It seems simple enough. Why, then, do so many com- mences begin with their hands on the biographer's head? It is a paradox of Coleridge studies biographers are severe and per- while those who study the night are correspondingly indulgent. 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# Belgian writing in French

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to the Easter Rising.  
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The absence of a true literary life is also to be imputed to the scarcity of publishers. There are, of course, a few publishing firms in Belgium, but some specialize in re-editions of the classics and works of popularization, others in didactic or religious books, others still in children's books. One would look in vain for a publisher of any stature in the field of fiction. If there were one, he would in any case be faced with many

Pamela and *La Princesse de Chine*. His plays are to their Paris counterparts what a Hongkong suit, made in forty-eight hours, is to a Savile Row one. Sion has rapidly become a dignitary of the Belgian world of letters the was recently appointed permanent secretary to the Academy. He now writes virtually nothing but newspaper articles, and, occasionally, some insipid adaptation of a Shakespeare play. He is a cultured man, his craftsmanship is good, his language impeccable, he is knowledgeable about the theatre: in short, he has everything except a literary temperament. He is the incarnation of the Belgian Literary Establishment.

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## Books received

### Bibliography

YOUNG, JOYCE (Compiler). *Local Record Sources in Print and in Progress, 1971-72*. 24pp. Historical Association. Paperback, 36p.

The purpose of this compilation, the result of a survey made last year, is to avoid duplication in producing aids to local record sources. It lists guides, indexes, etc. which have either appeared during the past two years or which are now in preparation. Publications by national institutions, university presses, local record societies and municipal authorities are set forth in separate sections.

### Biography and Memoirs

GERSON, NOEL. *B. Little Langtry*. 255pp. Hale. £2.60.

Noel B. Gerson's biography of Little Langtry is firmly based on a good knowledge of the relevant writings. The resource and resilience of the royal mistress who was also a successful and accomplished actress, a triumphant racehorse owner and a shrewd dealer in real estate emerge unmistakably from the book. Mrs Langtry's beauty was by common consent remarkable; her flair for success in a variety of enterprises was even more so. Mr Gerson has treated his theme objectively and in a plain, clear style, but one could wish that something of his central character's adventurousness had been communicated to his writing.

### Classics

Cambridge Latin Course, Unit III. Cambridge University Press. 13 booklets, £1.65 the set.

Stages 21-31 of this Course are set in Bath, Chester and Rome. The Excursions deal with Marriage, the Legionary Soldier and Fortress, Builders and Building, Public Service and Domitian: the action extends from an attempt to poison King Cogidubnus to the fatal liaison of Domitian's wife with the actor Paris, while Agricola, the (ostly) *amici imperatoris*, a Greek philosopher, a *miles gloriosus* and a Christian "protector" are among those who help to sustain the interest of the youthful Latinist. Whether or not he has mastered all the grammar and vocabulary here summarized, he will surely not have overlooked the chapter on *defectio*, a kind of curse-them-yourself kit. All that is required is a sheet of lead, the invocation of Bazagra and Beresescu, and a straightforward request, such as "... and may his body be twisted and shattered ... phrix phrox".

### Education

GOOCH, PETER H. *Ideas for Art Teachers*. 176pp. Batsford. £2.

There are so many different media which can be used in the creative arts that all teachers are helped by practical advice on their characteristics and possible methods of exploiting them. Peter Gooch has written a useful reference book which provides information on numerous methods and techniques, principally, he says, for children between the ages of nine and fifteen, although both older and younger could well benefit from many of his ideas. Every method is illustrated by an example of interesting and sensitive work, which would, however, be more enlightening

If the age of the child or student who produced it were given. Mr Gooch includes a bibliography and a list of suppliers of materials, and his book will be of considerable assistance to all art teachers.

### History

HILL, BOYD H. *Medieval Monarchy in Action*. The German Empire from Henry I to Henry IV. 251pp. Allen and Unwin. £4 (paperback, £2.50).

Boyd H. Hill's volume in the now well-established series of "Historical Studies: Problems and Documents" justifies its title and sub-title by taking most of its texts from the products of the tenth and eleventh-century German "chancery"—diplomas, *placita*, etc.—although much the longest is the important and rarely read *Gesta Ottonis* of Hrosvitilla. The translation of the original Latin is never worse than adequate. The annotation and the linking introduction are idiosyncratic in their choice of topics, not always reliable and sometimes devastatingly naive. Yet the volume is an interesting and thought-provoking one, as it must be to justify the "problem" and "select text" approach to historical studies; it should fulfil Professor Hill's subsidiary intention of providing an elementary introduction to "diplomacy", and in the hands of a critical teacher it could be made the basis of an instructive undergraduate seminar. The absence of any reference to Karl Lohse's writings on this period, the most important in English, is surprising and regrettable.

### Law

BAILEY, F. LEE with ARONSON, HARVEY. *The Defence Never Rests*. 284pp. Michael Joseph. £3.

The defence advocate is as much a specialist in the United States as in

France, a trial lawyer with the limitations of a defence outlook. Lee Bailey is a celebrated and controversial figure of the American legal scene. This book recounts some of his outstanding cases. The poor quality of so much police work in the United States is only too evident, a reflection of this being Mr Bailey's expert use of investigative resources of his own. It is also apparent that some judicial attitudes are unsatisfactory. Mr Bailey's radical views on legal reform are expressed in the last chapter; they might with advantage have been developed less anecdotally.

### Literature and Criticism

*The Song of Roland*, Translated by D. D. R. Owen. 120pp. Allen and Unwin. £2.50 (paperback, 80p).

The English in D. D. R. Owen's version of *The Song of Roland* flows beautifully, and something of the original poem's rhythmic vigour has been well preserved. Wisely no effort has been made to keep the assonance or to replace it with rhyme, but other linguistic devices which characterize the original, such as repeated syntactical patterns or formulaic phrasing, are also reflected in this translation of the Oxford manuscript. The meaning of the original poem is, for the most part, closely followed, though the choice of metre necessitates a few minor detours. It is a pity, however, that attention is not drawn in the notes to almost certain errors in the French (e.g. "F. *cez ewre*" ... 3485, which ought, in all probability, to read "F. *cez ewers*" ...) nor to number of words or phrases which could be translated in one or two different ways and which have some bearing on the interpretation of the text (e.g. Roland's *pur mel*, 1863, translated here as "on my behalf" and not, as some literary critics

would prefer, "through me" or "for my fault"). It is a shrewd blow on the "individualists", and those of the "Balgoun" episode is a reflection of the fact that the twelfth century but "a great man" who took it upon himself to give it an even more "Christian ring" ... and the "pre-Turkic" text has to ignore the lines in Italian.

### Philosophy

PIAGET, JEAN. *The Principles of Epistemology*. Translated by Wolfe Mays. 98pp. Kegan Paul. £1.50.

Piaget's work has had a profound influence on psychological and philosophical thought in England and the United States, but relatively little philosophical thinking has been based on a biological or psychological approach has not been present sooner or later it will be that epistemology can be strengthened by considering the development of processes in man. The present book presents Piaget's epistemology in a compact form. Wolfe Mays, the translator, is an introduction to Piaget which will help newcomers to work. The book is a slighter of lectures given at the Department of Columbia University and covers material already in other books, but from the

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Town Buildings, Ayr.  
31st July, 1972

DAVID C. RICHMOND, S.S.C.,  
Town Clerk and Clerk to the Library Committee

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#### ZAMBIA

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(PART-TIME)

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